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harmonies we will be astonished to find of what brilliant and even primary color they are composed. It is a revelation to get below your first impression of a horse, as being just brown or black, and discover—and, oh! the joy of it!—what a variety of beautiful tints, blue and purple, deep green, rose, red, etc., etc., have combined to give that one impression, and this obtains right through every one of his pictures; a cart or a plow appearing merely rusted and stained abounds in patches and touches of primary color, vermilion, orange, ultramarine and so on. The immediate results are that his work is plastic, his horses, figures, are moulded and rounded, they are not merely outlined and tinted a local brown or black or gray, but are charged with the atmospheric effects and values of their environment. In this supreme quality and unison of sky and landscape and figures, Baird has, I consider, but few rivals, whilst as a painter of the horse he stands, in my opinion—in the combined sense of knowledge and artistry—without a peer! His drawing has the ease of nature itself and seems as effortless and instinctive: there is no repetition of certain actions and movements as though they had been studied, thus leaving the impression that they in no way arise spontaneously from the situation. This explains the remarkable fact that though Baird's art in its present phase is confined

to practically one theme, there is no suggestion or idea of that monotony, which we might expect inevitably to result. To his lavish use of component primary color in his technique must be credited its opalescent quality. It is interesting in this connection to record the fact, hitherto unknown, that he gave lessons in painting to Charles John Collings in his "amateur" days—the only instruction, indeed, that the latter ever received. American art lovers do not now need to be told of the exquisite jewel-like opalescence of Collings' technique, constituting, as it does, a revelation to the aquarellists of our day: May we presume here to speculate as to its inception?

Although I have confined myself to the main aspect of Baird's life's work, it may be remarked that he has painted some noted genre pictures. To his portraiture I have not referred, but he has achieved some extremely fine portraits of men of great distinction. It is the artist's opinion, however, that he has found his metier in the phase of work I have dealt with in this article and I think it is probably so, from such slight knowledge of his temperament and tastes as I possess. I understand that one of his pictures was purchased by the Hackley Gallery of Michigan for the permanent collection.



SATYR AND SLEEPING NYMPH

By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute



DUCK GIRL FIGURE FOR A FOUNTAIN

By PAUL MANSHIP

Awarded Widener Memorial Gold Medal at Pa. Academy of Fine Arts



PANEL SYMBOLIZING FIRE
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute

Exhibitions at the Art Institute

Sculpture by Paul Manship—Paintings by Robert Henri

IT is seldom that a room full of sculpture, especially when it is all the work of one man, displays such a variety of interest as did the gallery at the Institute occupied from Aug. 18 to Sept. 26, by the figures, decorative panels, busts and bases from the hand of Paul Manship.

One can not refrain from offering felicitations to those who are responsible for the arrangement of this exhibition for the effect secured was so singularly pleasing. This was in a measure due to the varied tinting of the exhibits which offered opportunity for contrasts. The fountain in the middle of the room was in the green of ancient bronze with a bowl of deep red, as of some rare species of marble, while in each corner of the room was a bust in classic white, representing a hero or god of Greek mythology. About the walls were panels representing the elements, these in beautiful stone or terra cotta reds, shaded or powdered with tracings of greenish grey, small panels in celadon blues and against this background were set the little

figures and vases in plaster and bronze.

The fountain in the center of the room was surmounted by a figure of the infant Herakles. The young god of strength is in the act of choking the serpent which was sent to strangle him in his cradle, the reptile offering graceful opportunity for the spray of water which would jet from his open jaws, above the head of the child. Though the subject of the composition is Greek, there is a suggestion in the decorative treatment of the Persians and Assyrians, in fact, many of Manship's compositions awaken memories of civilizations far more ancient than that of the Athenians, though his art is founded on the classic ideals of Attic culture. In the fountain model we detect the pre-Athenian feeling in the ring of spout heads about the base of the figure or Herakles. These are six little fantastic, chubby figures, squatted against the fountain column and extending at right angles, with little spouts between their thick grotesque lips. The arrangement of the hair and the garments strongly reminds one of



SALOME
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute

fragments of decoration from the crumbling walls of Babylon or some other ancient city of the Chaldeans, Medes or Persians. It may be that the sculptor has drawn his inspiration from the earliest period of Greek art when the influences of these preceding civilizations were yet upon it. It is certain that about all his work there is a savage beauty, a feeling for decoration, a mingling of cruelty with the utmost refinement of taste that is characteristic of Oriental peoples and of the art of the youth of the world.

Two of the panels of the elements are herewith illustrated and will afford an idea of the wild beauty and significance of the series.

Manships' overwhelming passion for the decorative is to be noted in the richness of detail amid the surroundings of the female figure typifying water. The curling waves and curious fishes are opulently oriental and afford innumerable combinations of graceful lines. The figure of fire is similarly enriched with a background of decorative flames, while about one hand entwines a scaly reptile, grotesque but beautiful, like the dragons of China and Japan, and no doubt representing the Salamander, the fabled lizard of the fire. The torch in the other hand of the figure is likewise a magnificent thing with intricate adornment.

Turning from these to a portrait of a baby three weeks old, we are amazed at the fidelity and variety of this man's genius, for here is realism that is awesome. The age of the child is written in every line and curve, the elusive roundness and soft depression of tissue too young to be styled muscle. The little face has that erie, old-as-time look which in the faces of the new born reminds us how

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
star,

Hath elsewhere had it's setting,

And cometh from afar."

This babe is indeed as old as the universe,

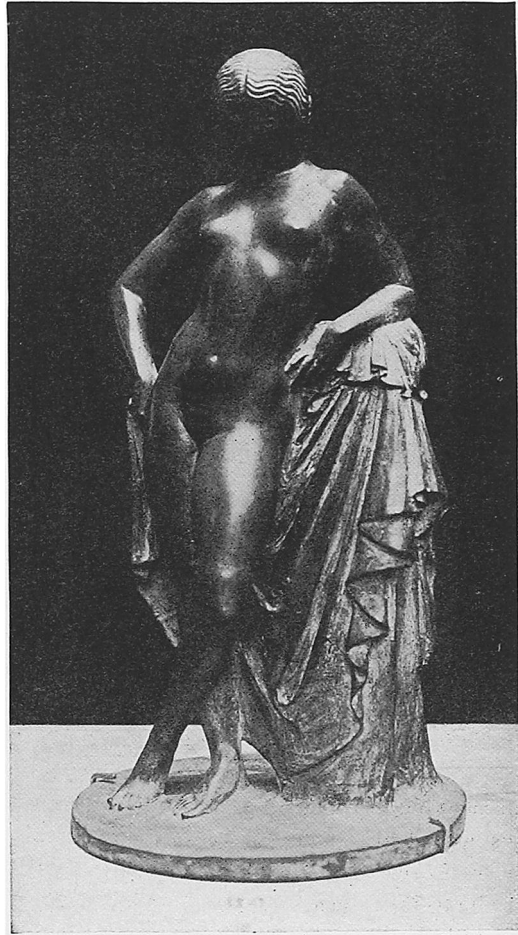


PLAYFULNESS
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute

for the personality of this world has not yet dawned in its eyes and it stands as the eternal symbol of life. The little hands, too, are, oh, so new born, so weak, yet perfectly moulded, so curiously creased and wrinkled like flower petals but recently unfolded, and the little round body, even under the swaddling clothes, is infantile to the last degree. The tinting of the plaster has added to the lifelike effect until the little portrait is all but living.

Many people, no doubt, know Manship better by his small figures than his larger works, so successful has he been in imparting to little figures the grace and charm that make for popularity. This exhibition was not wanting in examples of his finest skill along these lines and here again we note the versatility that turns from the most faithful representation of facts as they are to the most fanciful conceptions of fable or tradition. Among the things of the first type one noted a little nude of a young girl stretching out her arms and yawning which was the weary model to the life, while among the latter a gilded Salome disported herself in attitudes as composed and draperies as much arranged for the mere love of sweeping line as are those of figures in Japanese prints. Here was a savage love of pure beauty and a fascination with cruelty truly Asiatic and worthy of the time and the country of the theme. The very unreality of this almond eyed golden woman, so like the frescoes and sculptures of old cities of the Euphrates, seems more appropriate to us than any attempt at realism, for it presents a bloodthirsty amorousness in the bosom of youth unknown among us today, through a figure out of the past and unlike our present ideals of maidenly beauty. Marietta is another little figure of yet a different type, for she is pure classic, the Greek maiden of fable and tragedy. Nothing could be more slenderly graceful than her flat young figure with the long, lithe limbs and faintly rounded bust. She is youth and grace and beauty in their



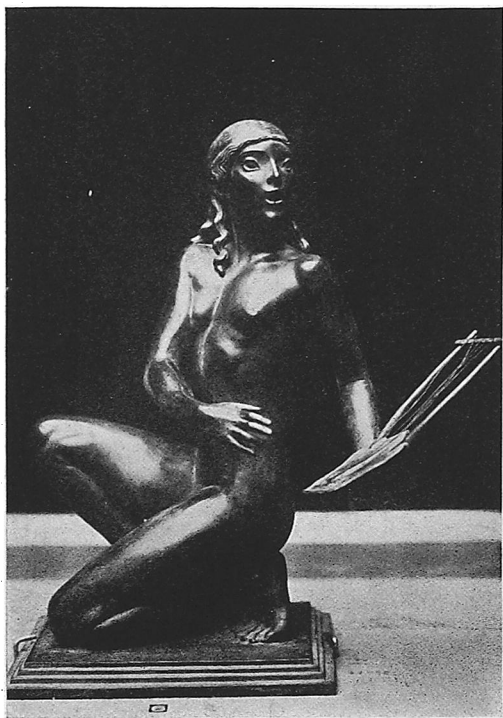
MARIETTA
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute



END OF DAY
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute



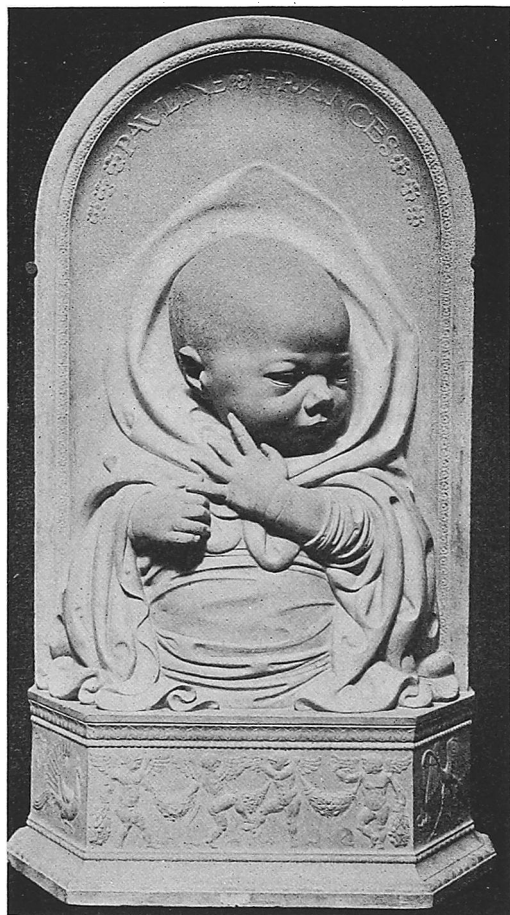
LYRIC MUSE
By PAUL MANSHIP *Courtesy The Art Institute*

fairest flower. These long, flat, slender figures appeal to the classic taste of this artist for we notice them in all his small figures of which *The Lyric Muse* and *Playfulness*, herewith presented, are representative. Both of these figures, too, are slightly almond eyed, again recalling an Egyptian or early Greek art that came by the way of the Orient. There is a certain vacant expression about the faces, too, that charms, because it suggests the primitive, as though it came from a day when the mind and face of young women were less complex and subtle and the skill of the artist in recording shades of expression less complete. The face thus becomes in a measure a convention leaving us the freer to enjoy the pure art and beauty of pose and line.

In the *Satyr* and *Sleeping Nymph*, however, we have a careful study of expression in face and pose as the cunning roguish countenance of the wood sprite lights up with a mischievous, inquiring smile, the

while his finger is poised as though about to touch the sleeping nymph upon the neck, a clever delineation of sportive animality on amusement bent.

The wrestlers is an interesting group, true enough to life in its modelling, and yet radiating a feeling of grace and beauty rather than of strength and strain and strife, an effect whose causes are not so easy of analysis. *End of The Day* is symbolic of weariness and flagging spirits as the tired youth reclines against his drooping steeds, all wrapped in the dejection of creatures who relax without opportunity for repose. The nude figure of the young man might be that of a Greek hero after some disaster the following recognition of this sculptor:



PORTRAIT OF BABY THREE WEEKS OLD
By PAUL MANSHIP *Courtesy The Art Institute*

Among the younger men, Paul H. Manship shows proof of time well spent in the trouss defeat. The horses are old and scrawny, their bony conformation being readily studied, and the surface finish of the little piece is not so smooth and polished as are the others herewith illustrated. The exhibition includes a number of these rather roughly finished bits which, however, are alive with interest despite of, or because of, this broad handling.

There were also two quaint and curious vases in this collection, one of which looked as though it had been dug up after long burial in Hellenic soil, so successfully were moulding, decoration and antique coloring accomplished. The other was of smoothly polished bronze, most graceful in outline and ornament.

A door pull showing the figure of an Indian with an antelope upon his shoulder was both unique and elegant, the lithe body of the hunter forming the handle of the door, his shoulders and his feet braced against it. Manship always imparts to his Indians a classic suggestion that is nevertheless not out of keeping with the dignity of a primitive race in its aboriginal state. His "Indian and Prong Horn Antelope," purchased last year by the Institute, was included in this exhibition and will be remembered as having been illustrated in a former issue.

Paul Manship is a young man at the beginning of what seems to be a brilliant career. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1886 and began his Art education at the St. Paul School of Fine Arts and The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. In 1909 he was awarded a fellowship of the American Academy in Rome; in 1913 the Helen Foster Barnett Prize for Sculptor at the National Academy of Design and in 1914 the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal for Sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

His mastery of sculpture and his innate sense of the decorative should enable him



INFANT HERAKLES—FOUNTAIN AND BOWL
By PAUL MANSHIP Courtesy The Art Institute

to achieve the desideratum of perfect unity and harmony between architecture and decoration, so that groups and panels shall appear as necessary details of a structure rather than as arbitrary introductions of things beautiful in themselves but not essential to the general scheme.

In a recent article in "The Century," commenting on a new note in art, we find

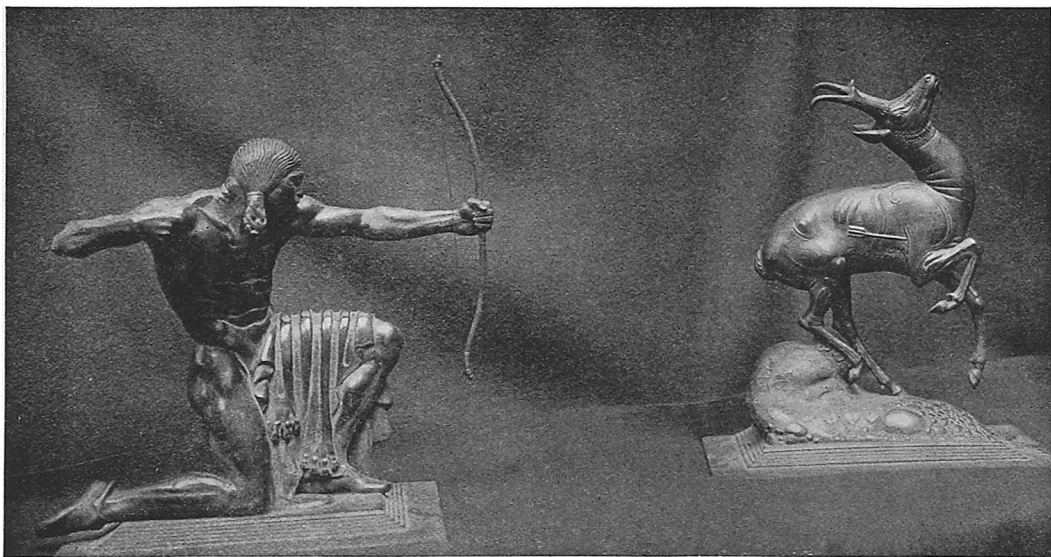


WRESTLERS
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute

congenial atmosphere of Rome. His sculptures are mostly small bronzes showing strong archaic tendencies, but fresh and spontaneous in their feeling. Mr. Manship has taken to himself the language of a remote past, but he has put his own emotions into the art expression. His figures are decorative, which is his excellence, and he has much skill in modelling. This is

shown in the decorative scheme on the pedestal of his "Centaur and Dryad" which is a marvel of exquisite relief, purchased by the Metropolitan Museum and awarded the Helen Barnett prize. The development of this young sculptor will be awaited with interest. Great heights may be his if he does not fall by the way, a victim to his great dexterity in decorative work.



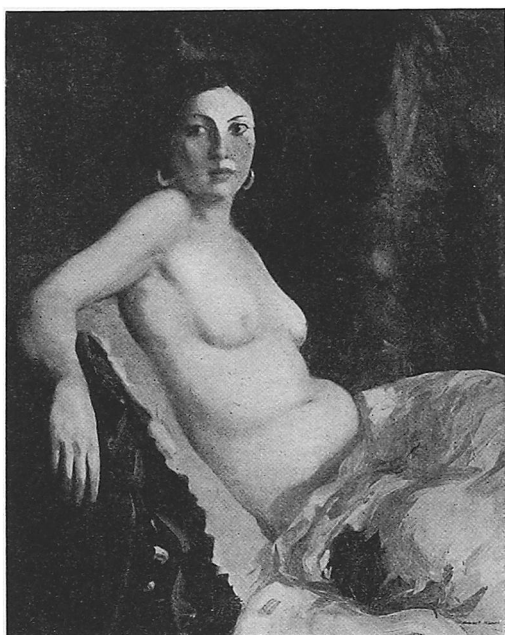
INDIAN AND PRONGHORN ANTELOPE
By PAUL MANSHIP

Purchased by The Friends of American Art

THE first impression of the Robert Henri exhibition was one of brilliant color and of questionable society. "Why," insisted the literal mind, ever in search of prettiness, "should genius expend itself upon these uncomely, uncombed, unwashed and unregenerate people,—Chinese, gypsies, Mexicans, Indians, garlic-reeking laborers and the like?" The question, however proved illuminating, as one turned the matter over, not upon the artist's point of view so much as upon the questioner's. It brought with it that shock which a well bred Christian experiences upon the sudden realization that his conception of the brotherhood of man does not involve a speaking acquaintance with those not of his set, and that down in his secret heart he scarcely concedes to the less elegant and enlightened element of society a right to exist, except as unavoidable misfortunes.

God, however, is wise, and so it takes all kinds of people to make up His world, and art, which is a species of divine wisdom, finds room in its world for all kinds of God's people, finds beauty and interest and intensity in the least comely, the least fortunate, the least cultured and even the least desirable citizens. Hence the Henri exhibition, a very wonderful presentation of unique and commanding art, brilliant and strong, though brutal; vivid and picturesque. Whether choice of subject or color might appeal to one here was undeniable originality, realism and strength. There was a certain appropriateness also in the relation of color and theme, both seeming primitive and unconventional.

With the exception of two landscapes the exhibition consisted entirely of portraits, many of them having an illustrative rather than a decorative quality. Some of the aerie, rat-toothed, gypsy children seemed to bear the stamp of unnumbered generations of pilferers and suggested unwholesomeness; they were nevertheless, very much alive, their beady eyes sparkling with animation. A yellow faced Chinaman with a



ORIENTAL
By ROBERT HENRI

Courtesy The Art Institute

cigarette between his lips, and the inscrutable mystery of the Oriental mind gleaming from the veiled eyes that glinted through the slits of his lids, was a study of a humanity so alien as to never be understood or fathomed by the European mind. A brown Mexican, in whose veins many different strains of blood seemed mingled, brought one to pause and wonder "What manner of man is he; peaceful tiller of the soil or bandit, of some of the various bands that now pillage an unhappy land in the name of patriotism?" His dull sage green garments and the vivid blue of the background composed a rich setting for the brown face beneath the soft tan sombrero.

Who but Henri could put together the colors that rioted in the costume and background of his portrait of "The Squatter's Wife," bright red in the coat, grey green waist with ribbon or scarf of vivid blue against a background of emerald green with a touch of cerise. Yet when all these violent hues vibrate from wall to wall in one room the effect of an exhibition may be



LILY COW AND THE QUEEN

By ROBERT HENRI

Courtesy The Art Institute

only rich and gorgeous like that of Chinese embroideries, in which the most vivid colors laid side by side, are somehow subdued and mellowed in effect, through contention with each other, perhaps.

There were some very real and charming child studies in this collection among which "Patience Serious" had an especial appeal. Perhaps few artists would have selected just this child in just this mood and costume. She was a very dear little thing, not vivacious or beautiful, but good and sincere, the kind of child that might grow to be an earnest, thoughtful woman. Her little dress of blue and black checked gingham with bands of lighter blue was far from picturesque and yet it was very much "in the picture." Her serious mood is one usually ephemeral with childhood, but her gravity seems quite complete while it lasts and we love her for it.

A laboring man with collarless blue shirt and rough work coat seems a pathetic figure of dignity, his face patient with toil like that of Italian laborer whom one sees in street gangs. The features are rather fine, suggesting thwarted possibilities for better things.

Conspicuous for beauty was the large

nude herewith illustrated and "A Portrait of Edna," "Orientale" speaks for itself even in the illustration, but the indescribable richness of color is wanting to complete the effect. The draperies were very broadly handled with many splashes of vivid hues. The flesh was much more minutely and carefully painted in a more finished manner than is usual with Henri. A cushion or robe of old gold against the chair back contrasted beautifully with the flesh tones, while the curtains in the background were of a dark rich brown.

"Edna" is a typical Henri, red haired and pale as a lily, against his favorite background of vivid green, with a gay flowered robe of dark blue and cream about her shoulders and over her white gown. "She Tells Fortunes" is the title of a study of a woman with china blue eyes, a red face, as from too much eating and drinking, a coat hardly less red than her face and a decidedly disreputable looking hat. How anyone with that English or Irish redness of face and china blue eyes ever happened in the fortune telling business one cannot conjecture, though she looks to have a certain shrewdness of the streets.

A Chinese girl in a pale blue jacket with a background of salmon pink verging to



CHOW CHOY

By ROBERT HENRI

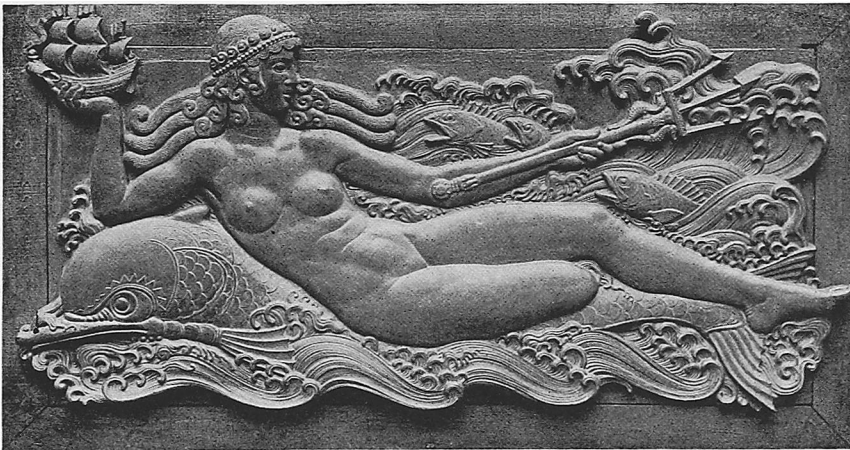
Courtesy The Art Institute

orange affords an arrangement of color which it would be hard to recall having seen elsewhere. This is, however, a really pretty picture, the little Chinese girl having the beauty and grace of childhood. A ruddy faced boy in a red sweater looks the typical well fed and well raised American child and lends a note of contrast to the collection. Some of Henri's children remind one of Renoir in character and in the method of treatment and all are stronger in color than seems exactly necessary to the presentation of the soft rosy flesh of childhood.

It would be impossible to complete a review of this exhibition without mention of the two landscapes which it comprised. Of these "The Rain" was by far the more beautiful, a really charming work of landscape art, with its level bank of grey blue storm clouds in the middle distance from which descend a sweeping fringe of rain upon the hills, while the meadows in the foreground lie green and gold in the brok-

en sunlight through the shifting clouds. Such a picture proves the artist's versatility and was more pleasing by far than "The Storm Tide" which was, however, more characteristic. This latter, though full of power, as the sullen grey waters of the sea swept toward the grey huts along the shore, was nevertheless a bit sordid in suggestion, lacking the grace and charm of The Rain.

Henri has won many honors both at home and abroad and is represented in the Luxembourg, Paris; the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; the Metropolitan Museum, New York; the Art Institute of Chicago; Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences, The San Francisco Institute of Art, The Minneapolis Institute of Art and in many other important collections both public and private. He belongs very much to the modern school and is noted for his strength and directness of statement and for his very vivid and peculiarly contrasted colors.



WATER (PANEL IN COLOR)
By PAUL MANSHIP

Courtesy The Art Institute